

of an American Ambulance Driver in France

Julien H. Bryan, the Yankee boy who took these photographs, came back from France last fall as a messboy and "chambermaid" on an army transport. After writing a book on his experiences he expects to go back again this spring in some branch of Uncle Sam's army.



General G., of the French Alpine Chasseurs, with his fourteen different medals. The general is probably the most be-decorated man in the French Army, and graciously struck this pose for Bryan's camera.

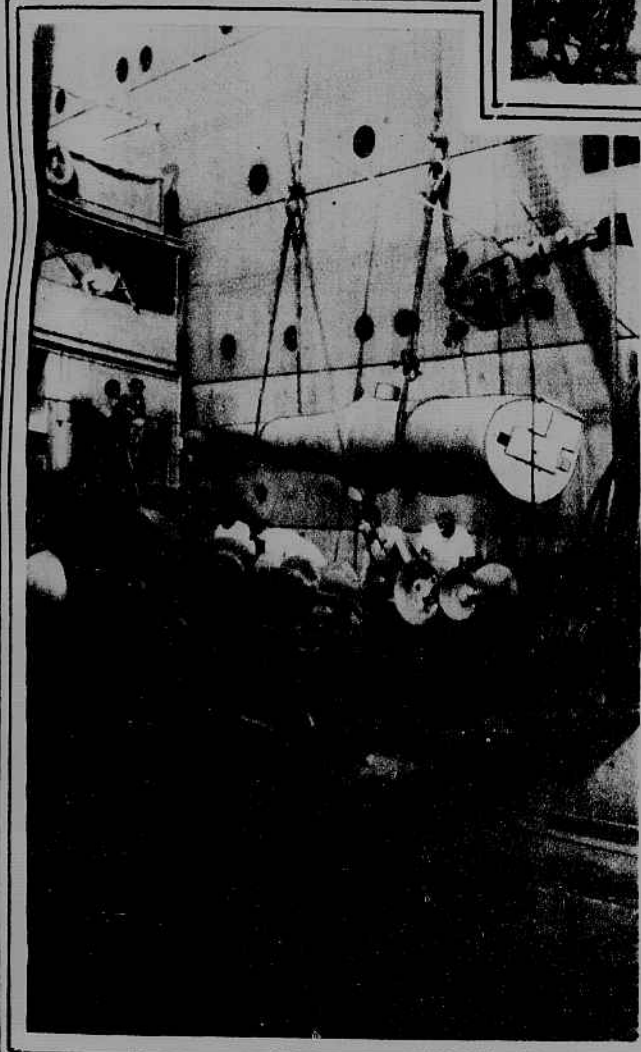


No Man's Land snapped through a slit in a French observation post. Behind the barbed wire in the foreground are three irregular lines of German trenches, while in the background are the ruins of a French town, now in the possession of the "boches."

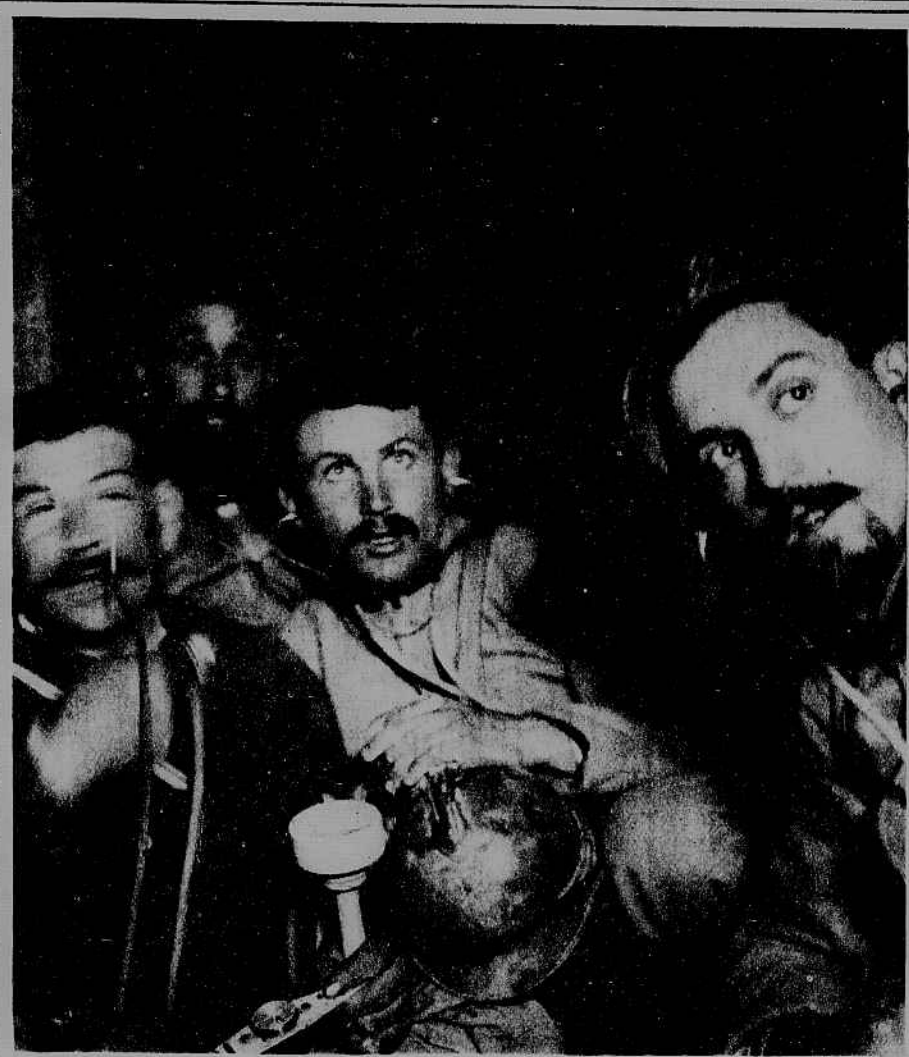
This gasoline locomotive operates over a narrow-gauge railway, or "decobille," as the French call it. It is only a half mile from the boche lines, and every night goes up to the French second line with its load of food and ammunition.



This American ambulance driver, J. T. Lloyd, of Cornell, is exploring a shell crater of a "boche 220." The hole measures fifteen feet across, and is the result of an exploded shell fired from ten miles behind the German lines. The railway tracks in the rear were the enemy's target, which they missed by only a few feet.

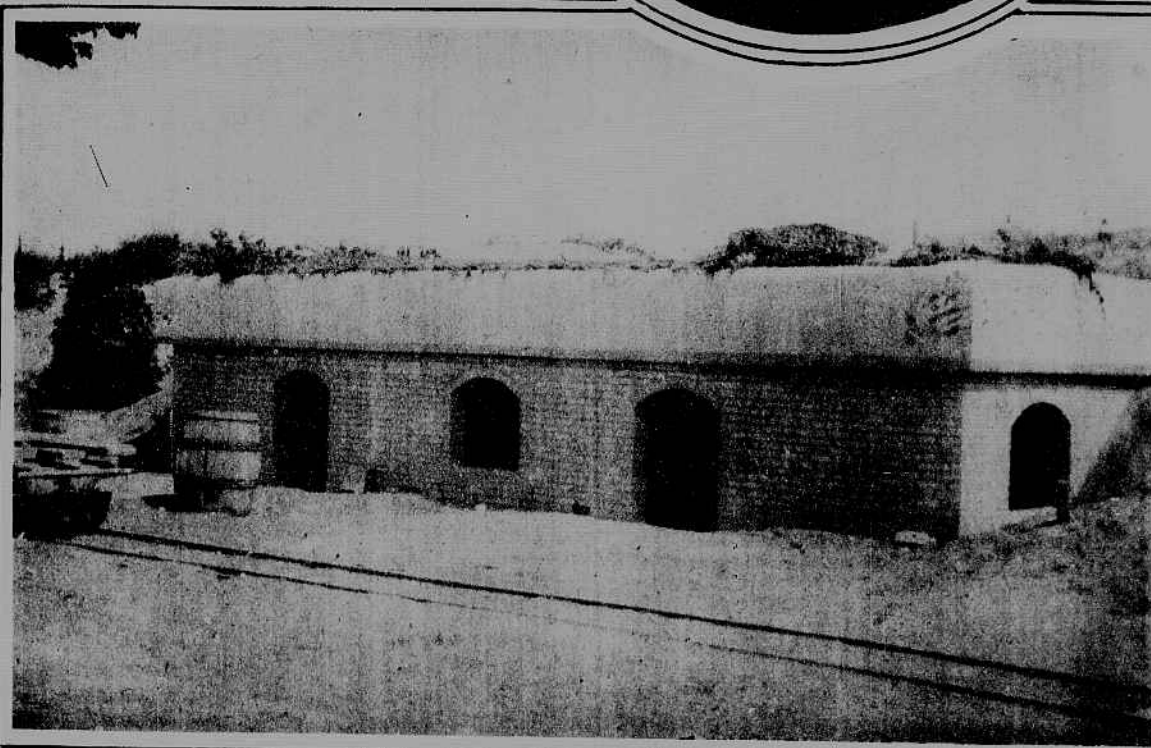


Somewhere on the French coast this 30-ton, 10-inch gun is being unloaded from an American vessel. It took the largest crane in a seaport town to lift this deadly monster ashore. It will soon be back of the lines doing its bit for the Allies' cause.



To the left—One of the gun crews on a transport at target practice with a 3-inch gun. This picture was taken in mid-ocean. Note the energetic, business-like attitude of the Yankee sailor men and that the decks are cleared.

To the right—An unusually well built "abri" or shell-proof quarters, built by and for officers of the French Engineering Corps just back of the lines. The roof is of solid concrete, two feet thick. A narrow-gauge ammunition railway runs past the entrance.



Right—Looking into No Man's Land toward the boche trenches, fifty yards away, from a French front line listening post.

To the left—This most unusual photograph of the lot was taken in a French mine under No Man's Land. The poilus with microphones in their ears are listening to the boches tunnelling only fifteen feet away. When they get near enough the bags of powder in the background will be exploded by the French.

To the left—The famous hanging clock in the Cathedral at St. —, France. The hands point to 1:30, the hour at which Hun artillery demolished this quaint little village.